

make war by tsaritsaa

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, some pg kissing, vomiting teenage shenanigans

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Original Female Character(s)

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Original Female Character(s), Billy Hargrove/You

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Summary:

You didn't normally act like this – but tonight was already a little weird.

make war

Author's Note:

gross boy deserves gross makeouts

The first time was at a party. It was one of those nights where the heat permeated through everything and *anything* – you yourself had stripped down to a flimsy cotton singlet that was sticky with perspiration. Almost everyone had vacated the house in favour of the pool, but instead you found yourself in the upstairs bathroom with a cool flannel against your skin, trying your best not to throw up the drinks you had sculled hours earlier.

You could hear the faint thumping of the music from downstairs and the occasional shrieking from the pool, but mainly you focused on the running water of the tap, re-wetting the flannel in a bid to stay cool. It had been a while since you had last drunk so much – especially so quickly, and as another wave of nausea swept over you, you were quite glad your parents had decided to go to Indianapolis for the long weekend. It would be easier to deal with the impending hangover if you didn't have to worry about hiding it.

The bathroom door suddenly banged open as another party reveller staggered in, collapsing to his knees before vomiting into the bathtub. The sound of the sick hitting the porcelain was almost too much for you and you turned your head away, focusing on your breathing and the cool dampness of the flannel on the side of your neck.

The man groaned against the bathtub, struggling to turn the taps. Eventually he turned them on and leant against the tub, watching you with lazy eyes.

“Too much for you, sweetheart?” he slurred, wiping at his face. Some vomit had managed to get on the exposed skin of his chest; you tried your best not to stare but you had to admit – even walking in and puking his guts out, he still didn't look half-bad.

“Not as bad as you're doing,” you shot back acidly, making to stand and leave. The smell of the sick was beginning to pervade through

the small space and you knew you recognised him from somewhere, but in your hazy mind you couldn't place where. He made a noise of discontent, wrapping a warm hand around your ankle as you stood.

"No, what are you—"

"Stay," he managed, never loosening his grip around your ankle. You didn't feel confident enough to wrestle your way out physically; so instead you knelt down and threw the flannel towards his face.

"Let me go or I'll scream," you threatened, immediately regretting the loss of the flannel. Everything was so *hot*, and you could almost taste the vomit in the air, sickly and sweet. He laughed roughly, chucking the flannel behind him and cocking his head to look at you properly with bloodshot eyes.

"You're from school, aren't you?" he asked slowly, raising a hand to hover by the side of your face. You stared at him, watching with trepidation as his fingers traced the side of your face, catching lock of your hair as he went.

His fingers wound tightly into your hair and you realised a second too late what he was trying to do before he dragged his head to yours, his lips warm and sticky. He smelled of cigarettes and for a moment you could almost pretend that this wasn't happening, that you were at the movies with your friends instead of being drunkenly kissed by a man who had no idea how to button a shirt if it slapped him in the face.

His tongue ran along the seam of your mouth and instinctively you opened your mouth slightly, shifting to sit more fully in his lap than crouch awkwardly next to him. He was so *warm* you thought hazily, sighing as his hands shifted from your face down your body, fingernails dragging roughly over the thin cotton. The overwhelming taste of warm vomit overcame you as he tilted the angle of his tongue and it took all of your willpower not to throw up into his mouth, before you pulled your face from his and vomited into the bathtub behind him.

"Easy, easy," he murmured, resting his hands on your hips as you continued to heave over his shoulder. The vomit dripped off your

long hair and you sat back onto his hips, pushing your hair behind you and cringing a little as you felt the sick drip down your back. He watched you lazily, smirking slightly as you adjusted your position on him – with a sudden rush of heat you realised what *exactly* you were sitting on.

He looked at you the way a lion watches its prey. “So what am I going to do with you?” he drawled.